Volume LXXXIV CHICAGO, October 30, 1919 Number 9

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

HYMN OF PENITENCE.

("As to Nehemiah the destroyed city seemed clearly a judgment of God, so to the eyes of faith this catastrophe can have no other interpretation."
—*Henry Sloane Coffin, in In a Day of Social Rebuilding.*

O Thou, who in chaotic night
Turned darkness into flaming light;
Whose spirit moved upon the deep,
And raised the mountains as an heap—
We turn to Thee in sin and shame
And call again thy sacred name.

Behold the labor of our years
Transformed to ashes, blood and tears;
The temples of our boasted trust
Cast down in wreckage to the dust;
Each tow'ring pillar overthrown,
Each lifted idol, scarred and prone.

The Day of Wrath, that dreadful day,
Hath doomed us on our evil way;
Found out our trust in Mammon's breed,
Our sowing of the iron seed,
Our love of scepters and the sword,
Our flouting of thy sacred word.

But Thou, O God, canst save us still;
Steadfast abides thy holy will.
Again, from out the pit of night,
Will break thy miracle of light.
Forgive us, Lord, our sins confess'd;
Bring in thy Kingdom of the bless'd.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIV THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1919 Number 9

OLIVER SINGING.

Oliver's singing
Comes down to my study,
As I sit in the twilight
Poring the problem
Of this battered old planet,
This universe tragical,
Bloodily twirling.

Nearly all his small span
And through both of his birthdays
This senseless hell-fury,
This horror has hurtled,
Yet he lies in his cot,
Happy, sleepy and singing.

Thus—I muse—at the core
Of our battered old planet,
Something young and untainted,
Something gay and undaunted,
Like a bud in its whiteness,
Like a bird in its joy,
Through the foul-smelling darkness,
Through the muck and the slaughter,
Pushes steadily forward,
Singing.

—*Israel Zangwill.*

We read (Oct. 18th) in the news dispatches from Paris that the Allied Council has asked the Germans to co-operate in the blockade of Bolshevik Russia. This is undoubtedly preliminary to the further news that Von Hinderburg has been given supreme command of the Allied armies marching upon Moscow, and that Von Tirpitz has taken over the direction of the blockade on the sea. We are beginning to understand also why the Kaiser is not being tried, in accordance with Lloyd-George's boast. He is being held in reserve for the important job of reorganizing Russia for the Allies, when the Bolsheviki have been driven out, so that it may be made "safe for democracy"!

More and more difficult is it becoming every day to understand the present international situation, especially as affected by the prospect of the League of Nations. If ever there was a document calculated to bedevil the wits of men, it would seem to be this Paris Covenant. Even those sitting in the seats of power and authority do not seem to know, or at least agree, what it is all about. For example, President Wilson has told us a hundred times, if he has told us once, that the League of Nations means an end of war; he has particularly appealed to the mothers of the country to support the League, that they may not have to sacrifice their sons again in a European embroilment. Now comes Secretary Baker declaring that we must have an army of a half a million men, with reserves of a million more, in order "to meet the military responsibilities which we are expected to assume in the new order of things." Then, as though to pile Pelion on Ossa, this same Secretary stands sponsor for a vast scheme of universal military training. To attempt to reconcile these contradictory positions of the administration is manifestly impossible. What we have here is only one more illustration, added to the many already in hand, that nobody who is charged with political responsibility in any country takes the League of Nations with seriousness. Where it is not a blind and cruel scheme of imperialistic exploitation, it is buncombe pure and simple. It is one more gigantic attempt to fool the people.

In the spirit of one good turn deserving another, we venture to quote Secretary Baker once again. This time we take a statement recently issued through the League to Enforce Peace to the effect that, if the League of Nations Covenant is not adopted, we shall be obliged to "arm to the teeth" in order to protect ourselves from "any combination of aggressors which may be formed against us." Now what does such a prophecy as this mean? Plainly, that there is a nation, or group of nations, in the world whose policy of military aggression may be directed against *us*. What is this nation, or group of nations? Not our enemies in the late War, the Central Empires; we have nothing to fear from them, not in this generation at least. Not Russia, for her condition is one for pity, not for fear. Perhaps Japan! But the empire of the Mikado was our ally in the struggle against Germany, as indeed were all those nations who have military and naval power enough to be regarded seriously as "aggressors." Secretary Baker must feel, therefore, that the countries with whom we have been united in ties of blood, are not to be trusted—that any one of them is as likely to be an enemy tomorrow as a friend yesterday. We have seldom seen a more cynical utterance than this, and never a more shameless revelation of the insincerity which has been all too often behind the idealistic pretensions of the War. If this is the state of mind of an official commonly rated as liberal, the future is indeed dark for mankind.

Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, President of St. Stephen's College, an Episcopal institution at Annandale, New York announces a course in economics, in which attempt will be made to present sympathetically and at first hand every phase of current controversy.

"It is our purpose," says Dr. Bell, "to make men wise to every movement that is going on through the world, and every side of it. We shall show our students what I. W. W.ism is through the words of Hayward, and what his opponents say of it. Similarly, we shall present every side of union labor, both from the standpoint of Mr. Gompers and from the point of view of his opponents. Socialism, the shop stewards movement, the theory of the democratization of labor, and every doctrine and theory touching upon the economic crisis . . . will be presented to the students, with the aim of teaching them to face and seek to understand every movement which the world is considering."

That this announcement has created something of a sensation furnishes curious testimony to the failure of science to enter and control the economic field, as it has nearly every other field of modern learning. In physics, chemistry, art, philosophy, every standpoint is presented dispassionately, allowed to state its own case in its own way, and evaluated with all possible fairness and accuracy. To think of Prof. James, for example, being forbidden to teach pragmatism, or pluralism, in the sacrosanct precincts of Harvard, is impossible. But in economics, as still very largely in theology, orthodoxy has a strangle-hold upon our institutions of higher learning. Feeling runs too high, and precious material interests are too deeply involved, for the scientific spirit to gain entrance, and command that tolerance and stern fidelity to truth, which is elsewhere now so common. But we may be sure that science will not always be denied! What Dr. Bell is doing at St. Stephen's is only a suggestion of what will some day be universal.

It is amusing—or pathetic!—to read of the long report, just published in England, of the committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the ministry of women in the church. Here are hundreds of pages, written after most exhaustive study, on the status of women in New Testament times—what they were doing before the resurrection, after the resurrection, in the Pauline churches. Here are other pages on the ecclesiastical functions of women from the early part of the fourth century down to the eleventh century, with information to the effect that they acted as servants of the bishops, assisted at the baptism of women, and kept the doors of churches. In explanation of such a flood of ancient history, we are told that the Archbishop expressly requested that the committee's investigations should be purely historical in character, for which reason questions bearing upon sex in comparative and speculative theology, were omitted. For this happy deliverance, we cry devoutly, Praise be to God! But why so much history? What has history got to do with the position of women in the churches today? Why seek enlightenment upon questions of present duty, by examining the practice of ages when women were universally regarded as inferior creatures? Such research is, of course, ridiculous—and yet it has its great significance! The English Church is getting ready for a revolutionary change in its recognition of women, and is now doing what is always done under such circumstances—namely, proving that what is wholly new and has been bitterly opposed for years, is really so old and sacred as to be cannonical!

The charge, recently made, that the clergymen and laymen in the Episcopal Church, who are proposing that the word "obey" be eliminated from the marriage service, are Bolshevists seeking by this change to insert the entering wedge of Bolshevism into American social life, is so overwhelming as to leave one stunned and dazed. The realization that Unitarians, Universalists, and liberal Christians generally, who have not used this word in wedding ceremonies for years past, are in reality Bolshevists, who have all this time been successfully concealing their character and thus secretly infecting church and country with their hideous heresies, makes the blood stand still with horror. The thought of all the thousands of brides who have evaded this magic word, and thus covertly taken oath of loyalty to Bolshevism, lifts one's "combined locks, . . . like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Nor can the fell spectacle of Lenine gloating over the news of stately bishops added to his revolutionary party in America, be ignored. As soon as we recover from the shock of this discovery, we propose to demand that the federal government put all its secret service on this trail. This Episcopal Convention is crowded with "reds"! Like the I. W. W.'s and the Socialists, they are seeking the overthrow of our most cherished institutions! If that word "obey" is expunged from the marriage service, let the Convention be forthwith dispersed, and its leaders arrested! This is no time for paltering. Rats are gnawing at the pillars of the state—and they must be slain.

There are plenty of discouraging facts to contemplate in the literature of the present day. But there are also some few facts, at least, which are heartening. Chief among these, perhaps, is the current interest in poetry. Alfred Noyes, John Masefield, W. W. Gibson, are figures as familiar as any among our contemporary group of novelists. Kipling's recent volume of verse, "Between the Years," attracted as much attention as his last collection of short stories. The poetry of Rupert Brooke, Alan Seegar, Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols, and many another martial singer, was the most impressive literary phenomenon of the

War, in the English tongue at least. More significant still is the work of that new school of American poets, of whom Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Edgard Lee Masters, Witter Bynner, and Vachel Lindsay, are perhaps the most distinguished voices. Nor should we forget the nation-wide pride in, and love for, Mr. Edwin Markham, who maintains the best traditions of the classic school, with that modern challenge of social revolt which makes him a veritable "prophet in Israel." Poetry, the most difficult form of literary art either to master or to appreciate, is alive as it has not been alive in years. In spite of the enormous popularity of our Harold Bell Wrights and Robert Chambers, the appalling vogue of our *Saturday Evening Posts* and *Ladies Home Journals,* and the almost total eclipse of the poetic drama, we may still be of a good courage. Taste is not dead, nor love of the best extinct, when poetry of the standard not uncommon today can win and hold so large a public.

Was there ever a more delightful story-teller than William De Morgan? Scott painted an infinitely larger and more brilliant canvas; Dickens had more vitality, and sheer exuberance of imagination; Thackeray was a finer artist; George Eliot, moved by a profounder moral purpose. But no one of all these geniuses surpassed De Morgan in that charm of manner, that warmth of human feeling, that quiet humor and deep pathos, which have enshrined this latest of the great company of immortal English novelists in the heart of millions. De Morgan's last book, "The Old Madhouse"—in true Victorian style unfinished, like "Edwin Drood" and "Dennis Duval"—is by no means the greatest of his writings. It touches no such springs of emotion as those so wonderfully tapped in "Joseph Vance," and, in less degree, in "When Ghost Meets Ghost"; it is distinctly inferior in artistry to "Somehow Good." But it is so true to the essential and unique spirit of the author, and withal so good a story, that to read it is to be bewitched into believing that the golden age of literature is with us still. How certain it is that we have lost something, mysterious and infinitely precious, in this modern age of ours—some aroma or blossoming, some way of noble life or habit of high thought! We have gained speed, efficiency, power; but have we not paid the price in things of the spirit? So a reading of De Morgan would seem to suggest. He had a "sweetness and light," a sense of leisure and fine enjoyment of human things, a simplicity, a tenderness, a guileless purity, that set him quite apart from contemporary men of letters, and thereby revealed the poverty of our age. It is well for us to be humble. We have gained much that our fathers never had, but at the same time squandered some treasures which it would have been wise to keep.

Violence Again!

At a recent meeting held in memory of the late Theodore Roosevelt in Carnegie Hall, New York City, General Leonard A. Wood is reported to have made the following statement: "The red flag! kill it as you would a rattlesnake, and smash those who follow it. The time has come for frank talking and for frank and direct action, against those who talk treason."

It is evident from this remarkable utterance that General Wood is in favor of the employment of direct action against those whose offense it is that they are in favor of direct action against others. In other words, General Wood is an advocate of that very violence which, according to his own formula, is to be smashed like a rattlesnake!

A statement of this kind, from a man of General Wood's standing, calls for some straight thinking and plain speaking. Let us set down in this place some things that should be clearly understood.

Violence is now being openly advocated and employed in this country by those who are commonly regarded as patriotic and respectable members of society. The most out-spoken, if not the most dangerous, "Reds" of our time are to be found in the ranks not of labor but of capital. We have again and again stated in these columns our condemnation of the use of all forms of violence in labor disputes, and have warned the working people that by no such methods could they hope to advance their cause. It is time now to point out that it is not these workers who are the chief offenders, but those who are fighting these workers as enemies of the established order. Take the steel strike as an illustration! At the very beginning of this dispute, Judge Gary put aside all standards of reason and goodwill, and deliberately chose force, as his method of settling the difficulty, when he refused to receive the representatives of the workers and consider their grievances. He continued this resort to force, immediately after the strike had been called, by taking over the constabulary of the State of Pennsylvania, and using it as a weapon not of defense but of aggression against the strikers. Civic officials in the area of conflict have followed Judge Gary's example by denying to the workers, through appeal to force, all constitutional privileges of free speech and free assembly. Numerous outbreaks have characterized the progress of the strike, nearly all of them provoked by the private army of the U. S. Steel Corporation, and resulting in the injury and death of the workers. And what is true in this situation is characteristically true of the whole conflict between these two contending groups of our population. Sometimes the violence of the so-called forces of law and order is open, sometimes hidden; sometimes it is outside the law, sometimes inside the law. But whatever its character, it is in essence the resort

to force as a weapon for the winning of the battle, and should be so understood. When a man like General Wood frankly advocates "direct action" against the "Reds," and uses that very phrase to describe his meaning, he is only urging what has been going on as a matter of fact for years. Let there be no confusion upon this point—violence is violence, force is force; and its use by either party to a dispute is not to be disguised or denied because one particular party employing this weapon is seeking the preservation instead of the destruction of institutions and social practices which seem to us to be beneficent.

Secondly, the use of force, or direct action, is to be regarded as reprehensible by the defender as by the enemy of society. There is serious question as to whether a society which can only defend itself by force is worth preserving. The one unanswerable argument leveled against all tyranny is that it is based not upon reason or right, but upon sheer physical power. The Russian Czar represented no authority save that which he could impose upon his people by the power of gun and sword. The Kaiser forfeited the respect and support of the civilized world by his deliberate endeavor to enforce his will upon Europe by sheer weight of arms. And is capital in any better position when it will not listen to labor or confer with labor, but, whenever disputes arise, makes resort to the police power of the state, to armed guards and barricades, to deportations, false imprisonments, and direct or indirect assaults? We claim, and rightly claim, that labor forfeits all sympathy when it seeks to overthrow its opponents by defiance of the orderly processes of persuasion, education and legislation. Why should not exactly the same charge be brought against capital when it seeks to defy its opponents by exactly the same procedure? It is true that capital has the strategic advantage of being the defender of the established order, whereas labor has the much more difficult position of the aggressor. This fact gives every action of the capitalist the semblance of law and order, and makes it possible for a hundred and one things to be done under the guise of judicial process and police action which, at bottom, are frankly anarchistic. The working man, just because he is outside instead of inside the barricade, is naked to the world; his very questioning of things as they are, seems to make him to be an anarchist. But how long since has it become reprehensible to question the established order and to seek its reform? The essential thing is that all the facts shall at all times be brought under the judgment of reason and right. When this judgment is denied to either party of a dispute, the law of the jungle and not of civilization is re-enacted. Our so-called champions of law and order may talk as they please of the justice or the necessity of their appeal to force; but what they do still remains the same ugly and indefensible thing that it has always been. General Wood is a "Red." By his utterance in Carnegie Hall he has placed himself just as much outside the pale of ordered life as the wildest anarchist with bomb and torch. Indeed, what he has done is more reprehensible than any deliberate action of some ignorant and degenerate wild man, for General Wood is clothed in the uniform of the U. S. army, suffers no oppression or grievances, and has behind him the organized intelligence and sympathy of an overwhelming majority of his fellowmen.

Another thing must still be said! Not only is appeal to force by the capitalist just as reprehensible as a similar appeal by the workingman, but it is infinitely more dangerous. In saying this we are attempting to draw no partisan distinction between one man and another man, or between one social group and another group. We simply have in mind the fact that the upper classes of society "set the pace," so to speak. It is those who are inside the breastworks of the established order who can mark out the line of battle and choose the weapons to be used. When a society relies absolutely upon processes of reason and goodwill, sustains all legal safeguards and constitutional privileges in the case of even the humblest citizen, submits scrupulously all grievances to examination and impartial judgment, seeks not to betray but to express the will of the people, and facilitates the opening up of every channel for the representation of that will—when a society thus bulwarks itself against attack, it seldom has any attack to fear. By such example as this, men are taught to rely on intelligence and justice, to trust their fellowmen, to sustain the institutions of society as a true expression of their own desires, and an effective agency for the accomplishment of these desires. When society, however, deliberately puts by all such methods of procedure and falls back upon the primitive argument of force, those who are for any reason unhappy, discontented or oppressed, are drawn at once into suspicion and revolt. Violence breeds violence; force is the mother of force. The Czar lived day and night in fear of the Nihilist, because he was himself a Nihilist. Germany brought down upon her people the armed might of all Western civilization, because she herself brandished the mailed fist and unsheathed the bloody sword. If violence seems now to be wrong in the ranks of labor—if socialism, dedicated from the first to the idea of political action, seems now to be in danger of being captured by the direct actionists—if revolution by force of arms seems now to be a not unpopular doctrine among the masses, there is nobody to blame, after all, but those defenders of the established order who have become terrified by the distraction of the times, and like the cave-man have resolved to defy and kill. When such a statement as that of General Wood is made on a public platform and printed in

the public press, tens of thousands of men think themselves justified in dallying with, and perhaps accepting, the gospel of violence. When the steel strikers are refused a hearing and their meetings broken up by armed Cossacks, the doctrine of overthrowing society by force finds entrance into myriad mines which would otherwise be closed against it. Our capitalist friends are playing with fire. They have on their side the press, the church, the college, the social tradition of generations, all the established machinery of the state. To add to these, merely because of passing terror, the weapon of force, is to give argument to the assertion that there is nothing in this world, after all, that really counts excepting force. To kindle such a conflagration for any reason, good or bad, is to set the world on fire. If capitalism is consumed in the flames, it will have nobody but itself to blame.

We would again state our unalterable doctrine of non-resistance—our opposition to force in any place, at any time, for any reason. The use of violence by either captal or labor is a folly and a sin. It is the deliberate surrender of our civilization to that welter of blood and iron which can only mean in the end the destruction of the entire fabric. What violence has done in the international field it will now do in the industrial field, unless a halt at once be called. We have no sympathy of any kind with labor when it lifts this hideous weapon against its foes. We have said this many times, and we shall say it yet many times again. But let it now also be recorded that we have no sympathy with capital when it proceeds to do exactly the same thing for no better or juster reason. The "Red" is the enemy of the human race whether he is clothed in rags or in velvet and fine linen, whether he lives in the slums or on upper Fifth Avenue, whether he throws a bomb or controls a court. Only men of justice and reason have place in civilized society, and contribute to the progress of mankind.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

MORNING.

I woke and heard the thrushes sing at dawn,—
A strangely blissful burst of melody,
  A chant of rare, exultant certainty,
Fragrant as springtime breaths, of wood and lawn.
Night's eastern curtains still were closely drawn;
  No roseate flush predicted pomps to be,
  Or spoke of morning loveliness to me.
But, for those happy birds, the night was gone!
Darkling they sang, nor guessed what care consumes
  Man's questioning spirit; heedless of decay
They sang of joy and dew-embalméd blooms.
  My doubts grew still, doubts seemed so poor while they,
Sweet worshippers of light, from leafy glooms
  Poured forth transporting prophecies of Day.

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

THE PULPIT

Concerning Unrest, Strikes, and Similar Matters

Address Delivered in Hope Street Church, Liverpool, August 17, 1919, by Rev. Stanley A. Mellor, B.A., Ph.D.

Go where you will in these days, wherever men and women congregate together in few or in many, you will find everywhere the same undertone of thought, and sooner or later the conversation will turn into the same well-worn channel. The talk will inevitably centre round the topic of the troubled times in which we are living: you will find people asking where it is all going to end; you will discover anxiety, foreboding, bewilderment, indifference, wrath, resentment, hopefulness, one and all displayed with regard to the same situation and series of events. "Unrest" is the word most commonly used to describe the condition of our existence today. We are living in an age, a period, of unrest. It is quite true: no one would deny it. The whole fabric of our society is gravely disturbed; indeed, one may say, riven through and through by unrest, in a condition of most unstable equilibrium. This has been its condition for months past, ever since the ending of the war, and there are no signs that the near future holds any improvement. It would, on the countrary, be safer to say that we are but in the first stages of our disturbed situation, and that the hope of an early escape from unrest into something more satisfying is delusive. We have had so far only premonitory signs of a gathering storm: we have heard only the first footsteps of advancing change.

Now, in attempting to say a few things, which I think in the name of Christ and religion ought to be said, about these matters and this condition of unrest, I want to make it perfectly clear from the outset that I am not primarily or even in any way particularly concerned with those local examples of an unrestful existence which we have witnessed recently in this city. The unrest of social life is much more than local. It is world wide: it is universal. More than this: it is marked everywhere by the same characteristic features, and everywhere the people who do not like it, who are afraid of it, say exactly the same things about it and adopt the same attitude towards it. But we may be quite sure of this, without any argument, that when you have world-wide unrest, when you have vast numbers of mankind of all races and languages displaying much the same symptoms of discontent and dissatisfaction, then there must be some very serious ground for it all; either there must be something very radically wrong with life as it is, which is making men discontented, or there must be an urgent desire for change, or new and important moral enthusiasms must be operating somewhere. Possibly the truth may lie in all these directions; for, most certainly, the theory, apparently popular in some quarters, that discontent and dissatisfaction are due merely to bad temper or obstinacy or worse, and not to any serious cause, is mere futility and trifling. Men and women do not risk such comforts as they have, still less invite suffering and sacrifice for themselves and others, merely because they are bad-tempered or obstinate; and we must remember that, whilst it is easy, and may be partially true, to say that unrest arises because people

are, to use a colloquialism, "fed-up" with this, that, or the other condition of their lives, still, they only become "fed-up" because of the consciousness within them, dim or vivid, of something they imagine to be better than they now have; and it is always this deeper consciousness that prompts their dissatisfaction and renders it active.

But, in order that our discussion may not become too complex, let us confine our thought, in so far as we can, to the social condition of our own country, bearing in mind, of course, the important fact that our own country is not exceptional, and that actually we are here better off in some ways than are the people of several other countries that one might name.

It is surely important to observe, first of all, that unrest, in the usual restricted sense of its reference to labor and industrial disturbance, is not the only noticeable thing in our contemporary social existence; and it is quite likely that observation of some other remarkable features in that existence would help many people to a better understanding of unrest in the restricted sense. Let me call your attention to some of these other things.

First and foremost, we must not forget, though many people seem to forget, that we are today reaping the aftermath of the most devastating, cruel, and monstrous war that ever afflicted mankind. The consequences of war have always been evil, and always will be evil, to victor and to vanquished alike. When mankind sows to the wind, the inevitable harvest is the whirlwind: and that law is only tempered by the fact that possibly the vanquished, if they suffer enough, may learn more wisdom from defeat than the victor ever can learn from victory. As the war was the most devastating in history, so its consequences in evil are the most appalling and the most widespread! I have on other occasions pointed out to you some of the spiritual consequences of the period of war; I have remarked upon the weariness that afflicts mankind, the disillusionment we have undergone, a disillusionment deepened by the failure to introduce any pure idealism into the settlement of the war, and the general loss of moral and spiritual vitality and tone which is evident throughout the world. But the consequences of disastrous war are not spiritual only: they are material as well. The physical powers and stamina of nations have deteriorated incalculably: peoples have been literally bled white. Over three parts of Europe anarchy reigns, an anarchy, let us observe, nourished and fed by the activities of victorious governments which refuse to put into practice their own so loudly vaunted principles of self-determination for all nations, and which seem to regard it as their duty to make outrageous war upon any form of social life and social order which they do not happen to like. Anarchy is not the only thing: the fact and possibility of famine haunt the world: financial chaos and bankruptcy grip some great nations and threaten all, the wealth producing forces of mankind are grievously decreased, and nowhere even then adequately at work: no one can tell at what moment the old machine of industrialism, by which modern civilization was built up, will collapse utterly. In a word, what is happening throughout the world is the breaking up or the breaking down of a form of civilization which has dominated mankind for a hundred and fifty years, but has at last reached the point of being unable any longer to support itself, or to maintain in being the enslaved humanity on which its existence depends.

Naturally and inevitably such a world situation affects the internal social life of every nation. We all belong to the same family, whether we like it or not. Outwardly, we may seem to be pursuing our usual normal life—it is, of course, an amazing thing that we get along at all—but all the time the process of breakdown is going on, and whilst we take holidays by the sea or on the hills, as we most decidedly should, the fabric of civilization into which we were born goes on disintegrating: you can hear somebody, perhaps the Bolsheviks in Russia or the police in Liverpool, give another hammer stroke on the walls, and down drops a piece of the ceiling, or a portion of the floor gives way.

That, in such a situation, and reaping such an aftermath of war, there should be sinister and menacing signs is not surprising. Notice only the extravagant spending of what is really fictitious wealth, not on healthful holidays, but on wild pleasures and senseless luxuries: notice the astounding extravagance and waste on the part of governments and ruling classes—throwing away millions on unjustifiable wars, hurling money about like water with something like sheer disregard of common honesty. It must be said frankly that the example set in recent days by those who have fictitious money to spend is one that leaves the setters of it no right to complain if, upon occasaion, there is pillaging and looting by those who have less money or none at all. The astonishing thing is that the poor, and let us not forget we still have the poor, hideously poor, accept so mildly the extravagance of their rulers and the shameless luxury of many *nouveaux riches,* and so quietly sit down under law and order to their banquet of ugliness and dirt. As our friend Barbellion remarked,* the adaptability of human nature has in it something terrible! Or notice, again, the wild fever of gambling which affects every class of society: the notorious and spreading laxity in sexual matters, with its harvest of disease: the alarming growth of habits like drug taking: the remarkable increase in crimes of violence and passion. For all these things any student of social affairs will give you ample proof. Notice, also, what can only be called the hypocritical corruptness of our politics, the unabashed meretriciousness of our press—with only a few honorable exceptions—the nauseating farrago of lies and scandalous "stunts" by which the public mind is poisoned. Observe, too, the increased disregard for the sanctity of human life, the readiness on all sides to appeal only to violence and force and the quickness of response to such appeal.

On this point I pause to make one comment. The persistent appeal to force is, in my judgment, *the most dangerous feature in our social life today;* but it is not surprising. For years past men have been told that only the appeal to force could defend and maintain justice and right: they have been carefully educated in the use of force and in the consequent disregard of life and property: they have been inured to violence. To raise loud complaints, therefore, at this hour of day about the wickedness of "direct action" and so forth is to indulge in futility; if the ruling classes of any country suffer from the "direct action" of the workers, the plain fact is that they are only

*The reference is to a previous address on "The Journal of a Disappointed Man."

receiving what they have taught the workers to give them. Only we may notice this, that the "direct action" about which we hear today—which consists essentially in the simple witholding of labor—is not of the same type of violence as that which is upheld in the name of law and order, and is actually by the workers on the whole only resorted to when they feel that political, persuasive, and reasonable methods are hopeless, and they are thrown back on their last bulwark against complete slavery or the onslaught of absolute tyranny. And this I say without in any way qualifying my utter distrust and dislike of the appeal to force—which, down in the bottom of my heart, I do not believe can ever succeed in achieving a spiritual or even a lasting material good, and which must be dangerous and may be disastrous.

But, returning from this digression, we cannot deny or escape the fact that we are living in a largely demoralized society, painfully marked by the dominance of an uneducated and uncultivated mind, a narnow and debased moral outlook, and a grave lack of spiritual tone and vitality. *The* question one is inclined to ask is just this, whether such a society is fit to exist any longer, whether its hour has not really struck?

And, underneath it all, the tide of unrest flows ceaselessly and rises ever higher. It is on this rising ocean of unrest, particularly as it affects the industrial sphere, that most people concentrate their attention when they think about our social situation at all.

Strikes and industrial disturbances are such obvious signs of an abnormal and disintegrating state of things that no one can overlook them. That anyone should be surprised at industrial unrest is certainly very astonishing; and yet you do find many people remarkably surprised, and professing sheer inability to understand what it is all about—and, as they say, the working classes earning such good wages, too! Poor, pathetic, deluded souls: what an uncomfortable awakening is in store for you! who think that the unrest of to-day is an inexplicable temporary accident and has not behind it and in it a long history of misery, cruelty, and oppression: who see no connection between industrial unrest and the general social situation: who, above all, imagine that all that is required for human satisfaction and a perfect social order is a larger weekly wage! Poor, pathetic, deluded souls—if you are not wilfully blind and wicked!

It is, first of all, a mistake to suppose that unrest in life today is confined to these so-called working classes, or is the peculiar product of mysterious trade-union, or some worse kind of subterranean, activity. *Unrest is part of the deepest meaning of human life at this moment.* The poets and the artists and literary men, such as we now possess, every man or woman who has had a vision of Beauty, or of Freedom, or of Joyous Human Fellowship, is unrestful—the ocean of unrest is swollen by the not altogether negligible stream of those who feel society to be ethically false, mean and ugly, who want joy and Fellowship in life, who hate this tawdry and perishing materialism, who have looked on misery with an open eye, who are concerned not so much about more wages as about more life, more personality, more scope for men and women to be themselves, and for little children to enjoy the sunshine. After all, the river that flowed from God through the heart of Christ and into which the passion of all lovers of their fellowmen has poured itself, has not quite run dry—even though it has to flow through the aftermath of a cruel war—and it is, believe me, no merely fanciful speculation that discerns something of the divine energy even in the hand that is lifted to desecrate a piece of property.

And, secondly, let me say this: one cannot help noticing that those classes of the community whose interests and comfort are most menaced by this unrest are very eager to assign to it any causes rather than the right ones. It is, of course, remarkably easy to follow a blind press or some demented politician, lacking in education and vision, and cry to the midnight air vain words like "Bolshevism," "Conspiracy against the State," "paid agitators," and so forth. It is an easy course, but leads only to making things worse instead of better. More seriously still, one observes that these same classes of the community tend to meet unrest with only one reply—or perhaps two forms of reply—opportunism and force. But neither of these things will avail. Opportunism and the appeal to force only produce retaliation in the same kind, and you reach a situation of *merely strategical warfare* in which reason cannot operate and goodwill cannot breathe. Further, the appeal to force must fail in the end, because it cannot withstand the genuine spiritual powers and moral enthusiasms which, whether you believe it or not, are inevitably and necessarily behind all forms of unrest. The privileged classes in society have much to learn, and amongst the things to be learned is the lesson of the famous Mrs. Partington, that you cannot hold back the tide of the ocean by use of a broomstick—though you substitute a baton, a musket, or a machine gun—and brute force.

Thirdly, when anyone contemplates this industrial unrest, no profounder error could be made than to suppose it an isolated phenomenon or merely motived by economic causes. Behind it and in it there is history, the whole history of industrial civilization: underneath it is the accumulated experience of poverty and misery—the whole pitiful record of man's inhumanity to man. True, you may point to causes of unrest that seem temporary and special at a given moment: you may single out the cost of living, the suspicion, and more, of profiteering, selfish exploitation of human need, the ever present contrast between huge fortunes and wretched pittances: or you may point to the whole surrounding social and political conditions, their corruptness, their demoralization, and you may say here are the causes of unrest; but you have not then told the full tale. Just a hundred years ago there happened an event at Peterloo—if you have forgotten what it was you had better read history again. By an unbroken stream of causation the industrial unrest of to-day is linked with that happening at Peterloo, and with things before that and things since. You are dealing with the inevitable accompaniment of industrial civilization from the beginning, and the power behind unrest is the accumulated power of generations. But much water has flowed under the bridges since Peterloo. Suffering has eaten into the experience of the working-classes: education has done something for them: they have found their own philosophy: they have established their own criticism of society: in recent times they have learned, along with evil lessons, some good ones, the value of individual personality and independence, the significance of freedom, the larger possibilities of life: their desires

have broadened and deepened, their wishes have expanded, and consequently the deepest demands behind their unrest have changed—witness the significance of terms like "recognition," "control in industry," "freedom in the workshop," and so forth. In essence it is the same unrest to-day as in the beginning, but it has deepened in content and substance as it moves inevitably towards a consummation. And today it expresses, though maybe still crudely and half blindly, much more than itself: it expresses the profoundest current in life, the demand of life itself for change; and it operates in a society which is itself disintegrating through inherent weakness and unworthiness of motive, aim, and ideal.

What, then, shall we finally say? People need not be surprised at unrest, nor need they wonder where it will end. Unrest is inevitable in the circumstances of life today, and unrest will end only in radical and fundamental change in our whole ideal, aim, and, above all, methods of social and industrial existence. The process may be short or long: this effort or the other may appear to fail and bring only pain and disaster to those who made it: the present actual period of strikes and disturbances may give way to some kind of temporary compromise; but the process of change will go on, and unrest will not cease till society is remade. For the handwriting is on the wall! We are passing on to a new kind of civilization, and the doom of the old order is sealed. There is a knocking at the door. The foolish people, and the wicked people, are they who attempt to restore the old order, to buttress up its tottering institutions, and to resist change. What these people are doing is inviting ruin.

The vital problem confronting mankind is this: shall the social and industrial changes *which must come* be achieved by means of reason and goodwill, making at all points the best of a difficult situation, or shall they be brought to pass only through the throes of violent revolution, violence breeding violence, and mankind descending into yet deeper chaos and misery before the dawn comes? If we are to move forward by means of reason and goodwill then certain things are immediately necessary: there must be wholehearted recognition of the essential truth of our situation and of the essential need for change—and we have a right to look for this recognition first to those to whom the old regime granted the privileges of comfort and education: secondly, what has been truly called the war-mind, the notion that violence is good in itself and that force serves the spirit, and the unprincipled strategy of opportunism, must be eradicated from our public life: we need the emergence, and quickly, into our politics of a clear and definite loyalty to Human Principles of Truth, Justice, and Freedom, a strong faith in Fundamental Human Goodness, a pure vision of an Ideal Society, and a high determination to pursue that vision unfalteringly: next to this we need the speedy restoration of confidence in the integrity, the honor, and the sincerity of political and industrial leaders, and in the power of representative government really to express the best will and ideals of democracy: further, we need an immediate introduction into international matters of a spirit of reason and brotherhood, *the total cessation of forcible interference in other people's affairs,* and the undoing of the recent follies of blindness, passion, and prejudice. In a word, we need the restoration of spiritual vitality and soul to our society. And this need is paramount: for only when this deep spiritual need is met can the economic and material needs be adequately faced. If only we can restore our soul, it does not really matter very much about our bank balance!

But can this spiritual need be met? I do not know: perhaps the young and the masses of the common people, awakening to a new vision, may meet it: I do not know. I have my faith. But this I know—that the alternative is violent upheaval, soon or late, and, as things are, as men and women are today, I fear such upheaval not so much for itself, as for what might follow it. In that aspect of the situation, what most troubles the seeing mind is not the revolution, but *the day after the revolution.*

Let me sum up the sober truth of our situation and our unrest. The moment of history is arriving which will see vast and widespreading change in our industrial and social life, leaving none of us where we are: mere antipathy to change is futile: obstinate and violent resistance to change means only chaotic ruin and invites violent revolt: mere railing against the workers indicates blindness to history and to the operations of the Holy Spirit of Life: on the other side, the too easy appeal to violence, even in moderated forms, courts dangers which might destroy the possibility of democracy and freedom, faith and hope and joy, for many a long day. But the pathway of reason is still open. The intelligence of the heart can still be invoked and utilized. Society is spiritually sick, and only spiritual powers can heal it.

The ultimate control of all the things of life and happiness will go to, and social salvation will come from, that class or that group in society which first lays firm hold on this truth and acts upon it.

THE DREAM OF THE AGES.

Though every day now bears a stain,
  Though pride and greed are regnant still,
The dream abides: that right shall reign,
  That good shall vanquish every ill.

The men of earth shall grieve at sin
  And beauteous shall their vision be;
All souls shall trust the light within,
  In reverence and purity.

What though the years be long and dark,
  And men be found of little worth?
Still glows the living, God-born spark
  In every God-made soul of earth;

A spark that through the distant years
  Shall grow unto a ruling sun:
The Kingdom day by day appears,
  The tasks of God are never done.

The dream, the dream! All else shall pass—
  The lust for gold, the pomp of kings,
The pride of power, which fade as grass;
  The whole wide universe of things.

The dream of God—that dream of light
  Which lit the prophet's sacred page—
To-day is vanquishing the night,
  To bless the world from age to age.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

CONTRIBUTED

Major Prophets of the New Christianity

II. Lamennais the Fearless French Priest.

St. Simon published his "New Christianity" in 1825. In 1831 Lamannais published his fiery contribution to the literature of liberty and religion.

This contribution, which caught the souls of men sorely tried following the failures of political uprisings, and which in England helped fan the flame which led to the reform bill of 1832 and the Chartist movement, was the result of a long soul struggle on the part of its author.

When in 1817 the young priest Felicite de la Mennais went among the pious Breton peasants he was an ardent believer in monarchy and the church; he wrote a treatise which brought him into conflict with the civil authorities and which forced him to spend five years in England as an exile. In 1817 he returned an enthusiastic churchman, but as he brooded he became convinced that something beyond a revival of the church was needed, and in 1826 he announced himself as believing in revolution. He writes: "It is mere folly to put one's trust in governments which are no longer governments and are incapable of becoming so, our work lies in the creation of peoples."

Then came the revolution of 1830. The government was changed and Lamennais saw that it was no more for progress than the changing of a suit of clothes. So where Mazzini later raised the standard of "God and Humanity," Lamennais raised that of "God and Liberty." He organized the "Pilgrims of Liberty," who went to Rome to lay before the Pope their ideals. But a Pope that had blessed the Russian Czar for extinguishing Poland was hardly one to bless the efforts of enthusiastic revolutionists. Lamennais could no longer be blinded. Following the psalm of Adam Mickiewicz in his "To the Polish People," Lamennais placed the "Red Cap on the Cross" and issued his appeal. His poem is one of the great classic poems of revolt and freedom; it brought upon himself excommunication and Lamennais was thrown where he really belonged, upon the bosom of the common people. He lived twenty-two years thereafter and was a great force among the people. In the days of 1848 he was a force kindling revolution in the slow hearted, and moderating the fires in the hot-headed. He was a fiery lover of liberty, he rejoiced in every revolt of the people, but he felt that liberty must be tempered by real religion, hence he labored for a New Christianity. His analysis was keen though he was more of a revolutionist than a philosopher. I quote from his little book:

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight for justice, for the holy cause of the people, for the sacred rights of the human race.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight that no man shall be the prey of another, to lift up the heads that are bowed and the knees that are bent.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight to overthrow barriers that divide the people as children of the same Father, appointed to live united in love.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight that every man shall eat the fruit of his labor in peace, to dry the tears of little children who cry for bread and receive no answer.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight that all men may have God in Heaven and a fatherland on the earth.
Blessing on thy arms, young soldier!

Roland D. Sawyer.

One of the Influences—Letter-Writing

We often are discouraged over the slow pace of progress and the difficult spread of the truth as we see it. There have been times and places when the baths in Rome, the barber shop in Spain, the town meeting-house and later the lyceum in New England, and now the newspaper and the "movies," have been chief means of the contagion of ideas. Yet in all these times the written letter, and especially since literacy has become widespread, has been a power unknown. In our time it is so. What cannot get printed or get made into "movie" film can get said and heard and repeated through correspondence, a slow but sure method of mind-changing. How many letters like the paragraphs that follow from a letter to a friend from another are flying through the mails today?

"I was only jesting about your ignorance of the Bible. With the heart of the Bible you are saturated. It is a radical and ever-revolutionary book, a most 'dangerous' thing to have about. It is real, human, great. It is meant for inspiration, not for a text-book, or a Czar-book to czar it over our minds or hearts or lives. You would like the prose lines that Walt Whitman wrote about the Bible. I wish I might read it more than I do. In our literary and moral and historic and every-day lives it is as inescapable as the mountains in California.

"My heart is full of hope these trembling times. I have long professed your statement of socialism, that we should make bread to feed people, shoes to shoe people, houses to house people, and not bread, shoes and houses to make profit-money. This is indeed the moral and human argument, the appeal to the feelings which is justified, and the feelings are the fundamental thing in life and in history. Some radicals have thought that they could save the world via intellect. Not so. We are not so much rational as loving (and hating?) creatures. We may be naturally selfish, which may be wholesome. Only we must learn from real leaders that the only way to love ourselves wisely and well is to love all, for all are one. We are inextricably bound together. Even when the foot suffers, or the scavenger, or the ditch-digger, or the piece of a factory machine, we all suffer. Ultimately we cannot hide behind social fences from inevitable economics and moral brotherhood. We shall yet make a religion of this Paul democracy in twentieth century form and language, and this religion will remake or help mightily in the remaking of the world, for remade it must be. This religion starts from the heart outward, instead of from the unintelligent, rampageous stomach, or even the adding-machine intellect. I hold Whitman's American religion of the three articles, Joy, Tolerance, Democracy, as you know, and God through it all." C. R.

News from Europe

The Franc.

The following interesting editorial is taken from the *Manchester Guardian*:

Returned soldiers from France will wish that if the franc had to depreciate to its present extraordinarily low value they might have had the benefit. Twenty-eight francs or so to the pound sterling seemed fairly good business. They could now get thirty-seven. But the change, which set in during the early summer, has come too late for most. It is perhaps not a mere coincidence, for the presence of millions of foreign soldiers in France must have helped the French exchange considerably, just as it has been suggested the American tourist will do in years to come. For a visitor to France, whether tourist or soldier, is, provided he spends the money, as valuable as a cargo of claret. It is curious that in the various comments on the decline in the French exchange no mention seems to have been made of the large aggregate sum which the Allied armies must have spent on French goods. Their withdrawal must have been similar in effect to the prohibition of the importation of French wines into America. But the real reason for the decline in the French franc is to be found, as might be expected, in the crippling of France's industries and in her methods of finance. In this country we are alarmed because our imports are double our exports. In France the ratio is six to one. Nor is there any immediate prospect of an improvement. Large imports of raw materials will be necessary before industry is set going, and labor troubles are quite as menacing in France as they are here. We shake our heads over a currency note issue of £300 millions or so. In France the issue of notes has risen from about £230 millions to £1,420 millions. Nor does the rate of increase in the note circulation show any sign of slackening, as ours at last fortunately does. With such a large increase in currency it should have been possible by taxation to bring in a greatly increased revenue. It has, in fact, been doubled, whereas ours has been increased fourfold. These things are not simply a question of wise finance. No doubt wisdom has played too small a part in the shaping of French policy, as it has done here. But the necessities of France cannot be measured by our own. She has had to bear a burden out of all proportion to her strength, and it is not now a question of criticizing what she may have done wrong, or might have done better, but of how best the burden may be lightened. France is looking to England and America for credit. The giving of credit is not necessarily charity. It is generally sound business for those who, like England before the war, can afford it. It is possible that we can still afford it, but there is no doubt that America has for the time being assumed Britain's rôle of lender-in-chief to the world. A bill is at the moment passing through Congress to assist banks, under government control, to provide foreign purchasers with credit and so stimulate the American export trade. We doubt whether semi-private negotiations of this sort will at all meet the case. France may come first in our sympathies, but the problem is international and should be dealt with as a whole.

The financial difficulties of the French government are of their own making. At no time during the war had it the courage to tax adequately the rich, and for mere political reasons it dared not tax its peasantry —the richest in the world. It must be remembered in considering the financial position of France that there are over seven millions of landholders. Turgot would have solved the problem by levying taxes on the capital value of land. Alas, France has no Turgot now.

The Cost of Bread in Britain.

The *Spectator* has the following interesting remarks to make on the food question:

The price of the quartern loaf was raised on Monday from ninepence to ninepence-halfpenny. This is the direct result of the recent increase in bakers' wages and the reduction of their working hours. It is just as well that the fact should be emphasized, for many people still cling to the delusion that wages can be increased and output reduced without affecting prices. We must add that bread is still artificially cheap. The real price of the loaf is about thirteenpence. It can only be sold at ninepence-halfpenny by the aid of a State subsidy, which amounts to £50,000,000 a year. Whatever might be said by timorous folk for a bread subsidy in time of war, there can be no doubt that it is utterly wrong in normal times, and that the government should take the earliest opportunity of reducing and abolishing it. Mr. Lloyd George knows that the British people do best when they are confronted with real difficulties, and not when they are coaxed into supposing that no difficulties exist. The Prime Minister should adopt the bold and frank policy of saying that we cannot afford to spend £50,000,000 on a bread subsidy. We are confident that the nation would accept the decision cheerfully and economize by eating a little less bread.

The Fate of Armenia.

A message has been sent by the Parliament of the Armenian Republic to the parliaments of nearly all the Powers represented at the Peace Conference.

The message calls the Parliaments to witness that during the five years of war Armenia fought on the side of the Allies, and that in the course of the struggle half her people perished. Now, despite the repeated promise of the Allies that oppressed nations should be liberated, Armenia is once more abandoned. Encouraged by the inaction and silence of the Great Powers, hordes of Turks, Kurds and Tartars, led by officers of the regular Turkish army, have begun another invasion of the Republic.

The message continues:

The Parliament has authorized the government of the republic to call out all citizens able to bear arms, fully conscious of the misery, famine and epidemic which will be brought upon the people, but if the debris of the nation must perish at a moment when it would be easy for the Allies to check the advance of the invaders, we make this final appeal to the conscience of the civilized world, warning it of the danger of our final annihilation before marching to our tragic fate.

The New South Africa.

General Smuts, in a stirring speech before the Parliament at Capetown, appealed for a new start for South Africa without racialism and in a spirit of coopertion among the white races.

He emphasized that his appeals for better feeling and a greater spirit of unity had not been without marked effect both in the House and in the country.

South Africa, he said, could only be saved by the wholehearted co-operation of the old and new population, and division would be fatal to the country. The Imperial Government and the world had agreed to recognize the Union as a young sister nation among the States of the world, and by closing up the ranks as a great white community South Africa would become worthier of the great honor conferred upon her.

"Woe to the man or party who stands in the way," the Premier exclaimed. Continuing, he said it was their solemn duty today to reconsider and revise the whole political situation in South Africa.

The Spectator and Socialism.

The war has been responsible for many changes, but none so extraordinary in thought as we find in the following excerpt taken from a leading article called "Labor Shows the Way" in the *Spectator*:

A curious and interesting fact is that some of the young intellectual bloods of Oxford and Cambridge, such as a generation ago used to burn midnight oil while they polished epigrams to be brought out the next evening at a Union debate as brilliant improvisations, seem more inclined now to spend their time in the laborious work of examining statistics and sketching out schemes for the syndicalization of industry, and even for a Bolshevistic State. Far be it from us to condemn angrily. In the days of youth dissatisfaction with the existing social system is generally nothing but a sign of a generous and chivalrous desire to right wrongs. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that every boy ought to be a Socialist till he discovers what Socialism really means. We call to mind a charming passage in Lord Ribblesdale's introduction to the memoir of his son, the late Charles Lister. In that passage Lord Ribblesdale described how a Socialistic

meeting arranged by Charles Lister was held in his own park, and how the urbane Socialistic speech-makers in pouring denunciation upon capitalists and landlords were careful to make an exception in favor of a particular piece of land and a particular landlord! Oxford and Cambridge would be of very little use if they encouraged undergraduates to applaud the sentiment of that old aspiration to servility:

"Lord bless the squire and his relations
And keep us in our proper stations."

But if there is a new fashion among undergraduates to become like those Russian students who used to do the intellectual work of revolution, the movement is something to be watched as well as something to move curiosity.

Imagine the editor of the organ of the British Tories writing of Socialism and revolution in that way before the war. His readers of that day would have been profoundly shocked at such tolerance—or levity.

Rats on the Trek.

For the first time we hear that rats as well as human beings have a sense of organization.

Reports received by the Board of Agriculture from various local authorities suggest that the spirit of organization and co-operation responsible for the construction of a huge and efficient army from a handful of men, has communicated itself to the rat tribes, which now act *en masse* instead of individually.

The following samples of the reports referred to were issued by the Board as emphasizing the necessity for everyone to participate in the campaign against rats if these vermin are to be exterminated and not driven piecemeal from one locality to another.

A report from the north of England says that when a military camp was vacated recently in that district a wide and distinct track was observed over a neighboring railway embankment, where the rats had struck across country to the coal pits. In Wales, some little time ago, a coal pit so badly infested by rats that it was practically impossible to protect the food of the pit ponies, was tackled by professional rat destroyers. Shortly afterwards a party of miners leaving after the morning shift witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of an army of rats, several thousand strong, issuing in a compact mass from one of the outlets of the mine on the hillside.

A Touching Letter from a German Mother.

Mrs. Marie Hildebrandt of Göttingen, a clergyman's widow and mother of a young German officer who committed suicide near Buxton a few months ago, and was buried in Chapel-en-le-Frith Churchyard, has written the following letter to the vicar, the Rev. J. C. Stredder:

"Dear Sir: Yesterday I wrote to Captain von Tettan of Donnington Hall and asked him to send 50s. out of the money due to my son Paul to the parish of Chapel-en-le-Frith. It is a little thank offering for your kindness and trouble in taking care of the grave of my dear son. Perhaps you may devote the money to the poor people of your parish. Everyone who puts a little flower on the grave, so very far away from me, will be sure of my thanks. There are graves of foreign soldiers here; they are tended and covered with ivy and roses."

The Cost of the British Navy.

The *Spectator* tells us:

The London *Times* published a rather wild letter from Lord Fisher about public expenditures. "It is incredible—it is uncalled for—it is ruinous waste, that the cost of the fleet is now 140 millions a year. In 1904 it was 34 millions!" We are all for every penny of economy, but economy is not helped by loose statements. Lord Fisher seems to forget that a considerable part of the fleet is still on active service, and that money pays for only about half what it paid before the war. "You must turn out the whole spendthrift crew," goes on Lord Fisher; "you must be ruthless, relentless, remorseless! Sack the lot." Does he mean the Cabinet who frame the expensive policy or the admiralty who only carry it out? Finally Lord Fisher explains that half the navy is obsolete already through the immense development of big fast ships and huge guns, and that the other half will be equally useless in a very few years because of the internal-combusion engine and oil.

The expenditure of 140 millions sterling a year on a navy, half of which is obsolete, should make us think seriously, for now the German navy is no longer a bogey to scare British taxpayers we might well wonder who it is the British government fears.

The French Press and British Motives.

Mr. Lloyd George and the British government generally have a thoroughly bad press in Paris.

The *Liberté* returns to the question of the statement officially communicated by the British delegation to the British press to the effect that the Conference has decided to leave Bolshevik Russia to work out its own fate and denounces this as a political maneuver inspired partly by the desire of the British Premier to win over Labour opinion at home, and partly also by the wish of the British government to see perpetuated an enfeebled, divided Russia which would be unable to create embarrassments for Great Britain at the Dardanelles, in Persia, the Caucasus, the Baltic and elsewhere.—*Reuter.*

Switzerland and the League.

A message from Berne says:

The National Council passed by ninety-eight votes to fifty-eight a motion to adjourn the debate on the question of Switzerland's admission to the League of Nations until the situation has been completely cleared up and the principal signatories to the Peace Treaty have joined the League.

Ireland and the Suppression Order.

The Dublin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* wrote as follows September 21st:

Following on the proclamation and suppression of Sinn Fein and Dail Eireann over a week ago and the suppression of the *Cork Examiner* last week, the authorities swooped down on a number of printing offices in Dublin yesterday and seized and suppressed the following journals: *Nationality,* the official organ of Sinn Fein, edited by Arthur Griffith, acting president of that organization; the *Irish World,* edited by Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty; the *Republic,* edited by Mr. Darrel Figgis; *New Ireland,* edited by Mr. P. J. Little; the *Voice of Labor,* the Labor-Socialist organ, edited by Mr. Cathal O'Shannon; and *Fainne an Lae,* the Gaelic League official organ, edited by Mr. Colum Murphy. In Dundalk the police seized all copies of the *Dundalk Examiner.*

A large body of police accompanied half a company of soldiers, who carried rifles and wore steel helmets and full trench accoutrements, including gas respirators. They raided the big printing works of Cahill & Co., Ormond Quay and Strand Street, where several provincial, political, society and Labor newspapers are printed and published. The police told the manager, Mr. Brown, that they had come to seize the *Voice of Labor* and the *Republic.* As both papers had been printed early in the week and distributed to news agents, there were only a few small bundles of the *Voice of Labor* left and not a copy of the *Republic.* The police went through the works and took possession of a few hundred copies of the *Voice of Labor.* They then requested to be shown the type used in the production of these journals, and seized what had been set for the next issue, breaking it up and placing it in the melting pot. They intimated to the manager that no further issues were to be printed until the permission of the authorities had been obtained, but they did not state the particular authority whose sanction it would be necessary to obtain. The confiscated papers were taken off in a military motor car to Dublin Castle.

Similar procedure was adopted in the suppression of the other papers mentioned, in some cases vital parts of the machinery being removed.

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

UNITARIANS AND INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

The resolution passed by the General Conference of Unitarian churches at Baltimore last week is impressive and promising. The popular notion that Unitarians were radical in theology but conservative in sociology is passé. It was to be expected that men who had taken part in industrial disputes and made personal contacts with the upthrust of the new spirit in economic affairs would try to voice their findings and register their attitude when they came together in conference to interpret and plan the nature and function of their church in the new era. Just as we have witnessed the extension of frontiers with their repressive conformity in religious and political matters, so we are witnessing the extension of economic frontiers as fixed by possessive privilege. It is not a restoration but a consummation, an achievement, not a gift. And when the word "control" found a place in the following resolution, it marked a new epoch in denominational alignment and constructive vision.

"That industrial democracy, involving a conception of industry as a co-operative enterprise and the equitable sharing of all the partners of the rewards, control, and risks of their common undertaking, is the natural anl proper corollary of political democracy."

J. M. E.

WOMEN IN SOVIET RUSSIA.

"In Russia, as in France in 1789, it was the working women who started the revolution," said Madame Kollontay to a Norwegian journalist who asked her to tell the story of the Russian women in the revolution.* "The Russian revolution of March, 1917, really started with the 'Women's Day' proclaimed for the 9th of March by the Socialist Party. The women demonstrated against the high cost of living and demanded bread. That day marked the beginning of the revolution. When the March revolution fully developed it was natural that the women should take part in it by the side of the men."

Later, as Madame Kollontay pointed out, the first great demonstration against the military offensive, marked by a distinctly internationalist character, was made by the working women. That was held on June 9th, 1917, under the leadership of the editorial staff of the organ of the working women's organizations. In May of the same year there had been a great strike of about 4,000 women in the Petrograd laundries. There was a union of about 600 members which grew during the strike until it took in almost all the laundry workers of Petrograd. Although it ended in only partial victory, nevertheless, after the strike, some of the laundries were taken over by the municipality, and that had been the particular demand of the workers.

From the very beginning women have been active in the present government of Russia. Madame Kollontay was a member of the first Central Executive Committee after the November revolution, and there were later three women members, including Maria Spirodonova.

Madame Lelina (the wife of Zinovyev), President of the Northern Commune, is commissar of social welfare in the Northern Commune. Madame Lunacharsky, the wife of the commissar of education, heads the administration of the children's colonies, which are combined homes, playgrounds and schools for the children of the workers. One of them, organized at the beautiful Tsarskoje Seloe near Petrograd, gave refuge to 1,500 children during the summer of 1918. Throughout the villages and districts of Russia thousands of women are in the service of the educational and social welfare institutions. Many women belonging to the former upper classes are active in the schools, children's colonies, etc. Working women are taking part energetically in the work under the Commissariat of Education. The local food problems arouse great interest among women. An important work is being done by women in propaganda and sanitary work with the Red Army.

From the very outset of the revolution women have been at the front and have done splendid work, especially in sanitary relief.

"There is developing now," says Madame Kollontay, "a special type of young working class girls, who economically and otherwise are absolutely independent, and who are the fire and torch of the ideals of socialism." Madame Kollontay cited, as an example, a young girl named Gratjova, who came directly into political and administrative activity from work in a textile factory. She achieved great success as a propagandist at the front. Later, with other working class women, she was made a member of the revolutionary tribunals, where she displayed great humanitarian kindness. "We women," said Madame Kollontay in this connection, "in spite of everything, have not forgotten the beautiful ideals of humanitarianism. Serving as members of a court, we take the part of a public defender, rather than of a prosecutor. Experience has proven that women, in the revolutionary tribunals, as long as these institutions are necessary, are able to do a great work of humanitarianism. This, however, does not mean that we are lukewarm for the cause."

Madame Kollontay herself is head of the Commissariat for Social Welfare. She has described its origin and function in the following words: "The People's Commissariat for Social Welfare, which arose from the will of the workers' and peasants' revolution, represents an entirely new departure for Russia. There was nothing in the past equivalent to it. Under the old regime the needy population depended entirely on the scant alms of charity organizations. The latter represented merely the caprice of people who did not know how to kill time; the practical results of their work was nil. The November revolution has done away with this penny charity, and has put in its place the duty of the state toward all working citizens."

The welfare activity of the Commissariat is applicable to all workers who have lost their means of subsistence, either through temporary incapacity, general debility, accident, pregnancy, or permanent incapacity. According to the Russian law, a worker has the right to welfare provision, in case of unemployment where such is not the fault of the unemployed. It is the purpose of the Commissariat to see that the whole population is adequately supplied with first aid in cases of sudden illness and with every necessary sort of medical treatment. It is held in principle that every worker has a right to medical services, medicines, and such special appliances as artificial limbs, etc., to help him overcome physical disability. In cases of temporary inability to work, through disease or accident, compensation amounting to the wages of the unemployed is granted up to the time of complete restoration of health. Pregnant women receive aids of a like amount for eight weeks preceding and eight weeks following confinement, in the case of physical workers. Other cases receive such aid for six weeks preceding and six weeks following confinement.

A special function of the Commissariat of Social Welfare is the care of children without guardians, such as foundlings, orphans, illegitimates, children of beggars and prostitutes, children of criminals and confirmed drunkards who are taken away from their parents by law, as well as children physically, mentally or morally abnormal. A special section for children's homes establishes asylums, communes and homes to care for these cases. Connected with them are special schools, libraries, playgrounds, workshops, etc. The law provides that the children remain in these homes until the age of 17, when they enter upon life for themselves, without, however, relieving the state of responsibility for their further well-being. According to reports, up to January 1, 1919, more than 100,000 children were under such supervision in Soviet Russia and there were more than 1,500 children's homes. The establishment of many more is contemplated.

Another section of the Commissariat for the care of mothers and infants has established large numbers of homes for pregnant women. Special lying-in homes have been organized in which the mothers are given instruction in the care and nourishment of children. In connection with the factories, and also in the country, during the seasons of field work, day nurseries are established. The section has established its own dairies to provide milk for the mothers and children. In addition, it supervises the milk supply in general, in so far as it is intended for children. Despite all that can be done in this direction, however, one of the greatest tragedies of blockaded Russia is the dreadful shortage of milk for the children.

An American, Mr. Walter W. Pettit, a member of the New York School of Social Work, describes a visit to some of the newly organized homes for children in the suburbs of Petrograd last April.

"The attractive, well-furnished houses belonging to emigrés had been confiscated by the Soviet Government and turned over to be used as children's

* "Arbeidernes Rusland," Arvid Hansen, Christiania.

homes. Groups of children with matrons have been installed in these comfortable and attractive surroundings. A Jewish girl, a lawyer under the old regime, acted as my guide. Since the profession of law has fallen into disrepute in Petrograd, she has offered her service in the city department in charge of social welfare of which Madame Lelina, Zinovyev's wife, is in charge. My guide told me that one of her greatest difficulties in organizing these homes is the lack of workers with experience in caring for children. She told me that in the nine months preceding my visit, 30,000 children, many of whom were orphans and all of whom were in families unable to give them proper care, had been taken over by Madame Lelina's department and that plans for the taking over of 10,000 more during the next three months had been made. It had been very difficult to secure clothing, bedding and cots for the children, as the supply in Petrograd is practically exhausted, due to the inability of Russia to import from the outside world and the failure of the manufacturing plants within the country . . . The older children are sent out to the public school; the younger ones have kindergarten activities in the home. The matrons and assistants with whom I talked were enthusiastic over their work and apparently belonged to the educated classes. My guide told me that in spite of the frightful amount of disease among the population, there had been very little trouble in the children's homes. In one group of 300 children under her supervision there had not been a single death during the winter. In several of the children's hospitals in connection with these homes the nurses complained bitterly about the lack of milk for the sick babies."

In order to supply the lack of trained workers, the Commissariat of Social Welfare has established special courses in connection with the children's homes for the training of expert nurses and supervisors.

It is natural that the chief interest of many women is centered upon the care of the children. In undertaking this work they were engaging in the supreme function of the revolutionary state. The care and protection of its coming generation has properly been its first thought at all times. Mrs. Gertrude Tobinson, the wife of the President of the Far Eastern Soviet, tells how the children marched in a May Day parade in Siberia, eight or nine hundred of them, marching and singing the Internationale and waving the red flag. "The Commissar of Education," says Mrs. Tobinson, "made the children a special speech. He told them they were the hope of the world and that if the revolution died they should remember what they had lived through and carry on the work. The whole idea of the Soviets was to center everything around the children. The motto was: 'The Children are the hope of the World.'"

In countless ways, from decrees and from stray items of news that leak out of the beleaguered country, we learn of the constant solicitude for the welfare of the children in this long, weary time of famine and plague. On April 28, a Moscow paper reports that there arrived in Petrograd delegates of the professional unions of the city of Livna in the government of Orlov, bringing with them 2,880 pounds of biscuits gathered by the Livna peasants and workmen as a gift to the children of Petrograd. A special decree of the Council of People's Commissars on May 17, 1919, ordered all food distributing offices in the largest factory centers to issue food free of charge to children up to 14 years of age. The decree imposed the obligation upon all provisioning organs to give preference to the children's food supply, at the expense of the state, and to issue supplies to all children without distinction of class or parentage. Arthur Ransome, who visited Moscow last winter, tells in his "Russia in 1919," how 150,000 to 180,000 city children were getting free meals daily in the schools, and that over 10,000 pairs of felt boots have been given to needy children. Mr. Ransome, by the way, gives in this book an illuminating flash into the psychology of the working woman in the revolution. In his hotel in Moscow, he says, "The chamber maid who came in to tidy up quite evidently took a pride in doing her work properly, and protested against my throwing matches on the floor." Mr. Ransome asked her how she liked the new regime. She replied that there was not enough to eat, but that she felt freer.

Madame Kollontay has expressed her eager anticipation of the great Russian Women's Congress which is scheduled for November. "It will certainly," she said, "prove a great success. There is still much slowness and apathy among the masses, in political matters at any rate. For this reason we are agitating now more than ever before. We need the co-operation of everybody in order to be able truly in spirit and in fact to realize the communist society."

The special kind of contribution that the women, participating with such vigorous enthusiasm in the arduous work of building the new state, have given to the structure of Soviet Russia comes to us in brief hints here and there. It was what might have been expected of the special talents and character of women. If they have tempered the sternness of the revolutionary tribunals, they have equally kept a calm eye upon the immediate needs of the moment, bending the enthusiasm of the idealists and theorists into practical attention upon the problems in hand. The Norwegian journalist quoted above tells of his meeting with Dora Yekhimovskaya, an ardent young revolutionist, who as a young girl of 17 had escaped Siberia in 1905 by hasty flight abroad. When the Russian revolution came as a bright sun rising out of the black chaos of chauvinism and slaughter she hastened home, like thousands of others, to join the ranks of the workers. She had been appointed supervisor of one of the children's colonies near Petrograd. In the midst of her elation over this prospect, she retained, out of her experience as nurse and governess, a steady head and sure knowledge of just what she wanted to do. "It is a sign of degeneration," she exclaimed passionately to her interviewer, "when people of the old school want to use the children's colonies right away for experiments in education, by visits to museums and art galleries, and so forth. It is all wrong. There must first be a rational feeding and a rational physical development, with outdoor life, work, play, excursions in the woods. Later on, the pencil and the paper will have their turn, together with the spiritual and intellectual work of education."

—*Raissa N. Lomonossoff.*

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